

"Do you know anything of the Game Laws?"
"Oh, yes; you should never trump your partner's ace."



"Mary, I wish you would turn the looking-glass a little more this way. It's so dull seeing a soul all day."—Ally Sloper,

### A TERRIBLE INFANT.



Swipey-I got that Brobdingnagian breakfast service in Switzerland. Tommy-I suppose those must be the cure pape says he so often finds you in!



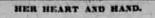
No Choice "I know." muttered the robber, as he abstracted the actress's diamonds, "that this is an awful chestnut, but what is a starving man with a big family to do?"—Detroit Tribune.

His Share. She (tenderly)—Henry, let us take for ur motto, "Work and pray." He—All right, dear; I'm a good hand t the latter.

Mrs. Lushington-What do you think of the prosepcts of universal peace, dear? Lushington-Mighty poor, if you don't stop hiding the whiskey bottle.

Scasonable-"How to Make Plum Puding for Christmas Day"-a stirring narative





denouement was close at hand, but a few more lines were required to complete the volume. She paused beside a rose bush.

"You have something to say to me. Edwin?"

"Anselina." murmured Edwin. "will you give me your hand?"

"Oh!" cried Angelina. "That's really too old-fashioned a proposal. Try again."

"Nonsense, Angelina. I wasn't speaking of marriage. I want you to give me your hand literally—so," and taking her dainty singers in his own, he bent reverently over her palm. Then neither of them moved for a few momonts.

"Do be quick," said Angelina. impatiently. "You can kiss it if you like, and then I'll snatch it away, while a rosy blush mantles over my cheek. But this is all horribly old fashioned."

Edw't suddenly dropped her hand with a gesture of dismay.

Angelina gasped.

"All is over," he said, solemnly. "The line of life is fairly well marked: but the line of the heart shows that you are utterly devoid of real affection. Then the abnormal development of the mount below the little finger"—

"That came from rowing up the river yesterday."

—"betokens obstinacy and bad temper. "Nay, 'it usseless to expostulate, langelina. In chapter twenty-two, if you remember, you found me in the library, trifling with a book. That book was the latest manual of Palmistry, which declares that' it is the height of folly to choose your pariner for life without carefully studying the infallible revelation of character afforded by the hand, i have acted on that advice, and our marriage, consequently, is out of the question."

"But then," cried poor Angelina, "what has been the good of all the previous chapters? What will the readers say." ers say"
"They will segard it as a strikingly original termination," said Edwin, with gloomy satisfaction,
"I shall bring an action for breach of promise,"
"You cannot," retorted Edwin, "We are on the last page already,"
Augustina's composure gave way utterly, riys too bail" she sobbed. "I did bink we were to be married, and to tre happily ever after. Now I suppose we shall appear in a modern series, with a synical fittle, "The Folly of Romance,"

perhaps:

Edwin smiled lightly.

Edwin smiled lightly.

No, he replied "it will be called "The Wisdom of Chiromaney"—Punch.

### One on the Old Man.

A VERY FAN-CY COSTUME.

A lady writes: "We started a football club-Hugby, of course and challenged the Harlem Laundry Girls, Major Mash volunteered to be umpire; but"—

The captain of a certain large sailing vessel is probably the most polite officer in the whole mercantile service. He has low-ver, a great idea of his importance, and looses no opportunity of impressing it upon his crew. In particular, he insists those he had been addressed as "Sir" by very one on board. One day a new hand joined the ship, and a schoot time after leaving narbor, being a seasoned old sail, he was intrusted with the wheel. The captain came up and put the usual question:

capatin came up and put the usual question.

"How's her head."

"Nor'-by-east," answered the old tar very gruffly.

My man," suavely answered the capitalin, 'on this craft, when one of the crew speaks to me, he gives me a title of respect, Don't you think you might do so, too? Now, how's her head."

"Nor'-by-east, I tell you," shouted the tar, displaying not a little irritation.

"Em afraid you don't quite understant me," and then do you take my place and ask me the question. I will then show you how it should be answered." They accordingly changed places.

"Ow's her 'ead?" roared the tar."

"Nor'-by-east, sir," replied the capitaln, with emphasis on the "sir,"

"Then keep her so, my man, while I goes forward and has a smoke," was the startling rejoinder of the old reproduct the first time on record the capitaln lost his temper.—Tid Bits.

A Lens Throw.

A Leng Throw.

The New York drummer was leaning gracefully on the bar talking.

"You may not believe me," he said, "but when I was down in Kentucky in Ocioher, I stood on a bit of high ground in Breathitt County and threw a stone into the Kentucky River, then without moving my fest, though I turned my bedy slightly, I threw another stone seven miles down the river."

"Raise" intepolated a party who had heard drummers' dories before.

"It's a true bill," insisted the narrator. "It was just seven miles from where the first stone struck the water to where the second one hit, and I'm not a basbail player, either."

After some discursion the drummer held up his hand and swore to bis story, and then explained that at alckson, in Breathitt County, the Kentucky River swings around a bend for seven miles and comes back to within sixty-eight feet of itself, and a man, standing on the narrow ridge separating the waters. and comes back to within sixty-eight feet of itself, and a man, standing on the narrow ridge separating the waters, can easily toss a stone into the river to the right or left, thus making a throw of seven miles up or down the river, as the case may be.

This is the true state of the case.—New York Sun.

Fine Moucholrs.

For ordinary use the latest handkerchief is of fine linen with a small monogram hand embroidered and inclosed in a wreath in one corner. The monogram and wreath are both in white. Other novetites more expensive are of soft silk with a border of sine embroiders appliqued upon it. For 2 cents dainty little handkerchiefs may be bought little handkerchiefs of sheer linen with a line of conventionalized flowers hand embroidered in pale colers just inside the hemsittehed horder. These cost it and are exceptionally prelty.

Lizzie Borden's Buttons.

HE CAME IN.

CHAPTER L

"He is coming in."

Hannah Hopewell pressed the tip of her turned-up nose against the window pane of the parior window as Jack Potpouri passed by middow as Jack Potpouri passed by in the parior window as Jack Potpouri passed by in the same and the parior window as Jack Potpouri passed by in the parior window as Jack Potpouri passed by in the parior window as Jack Potpouri passed by in the parior window as Jack Potpouri passed by in the secondary of the parior window as Jack Potpouri passed by in the parior window as Jack Potpouri passed by in the parior window as Jack Potpouri passed by in the parior window as Jack Potpouri passed by in the parior window as Jack Potpouri passed by in the parior window as Jack Potpouri passed by in the parior window as Jack Potpouri passed by in the parior window as Jack Potpouri passed by in the parior window as Jack Potpouri passed by in the parior window as Jack Potpouri passed by in the parior window as Jack Potpouri passed by in the parior window as Jack Potpouri passed by in the parior window as Jack Potpouri passed by the parior window as Jack P

Lizzie Borden's Buttons.

A newspaper woman who went up to make a sindy of Lizzie Borden, when that famous woman was on trial for her life, said that the first thing she noticed the afternoon of her arrival in the court room was that a button of one of Miss Borden's shoes had worked loose with the play of her foot against the ring of the chair. In the course of the afternoon the button became altogether detached and rolled away; the next morning it had been replaced, and one or two other loosened ones itghtened. 'It was a small thing, of course," said the woman who observed it, 'But it made an impression on me as indicative of the methodic New England nature, which, under such a stress of circumstances, could note and replace a stray shoe button."

Lizzie Borden when that famous passed on linto the night.

CHAPTER II.

"He's coming in."

The air is blue with tobacco armoke. A bright light streams down upon a green-cloth covered table on which are little eager-eyed young men are seated around the circular table, in the centre of which is a big heap of the disca. Each man clutches convulsively five cards. He hesisates, scans its cards closely and flips a like chip linto the centre. The circular table, in the centre of which is a big heap of the disca. Each man clutches convulsively five cards. He hesisates, scans its cards closely and flips a like chip linto the centre of which is a big heap of the disca. Each man clutches convulsively five cards. He hesisates, scans its cards closely and flips a like chip linto the centre of which is a big heap of the disca. Each man clutches convulsively five cards. He hesisates with a little coming in, "mere some convulsively five cards a like chip linto the centre of which is a big heap of the disca. Each man clutches convulsively five cards. He hesisates with a little coming in, "mere some coming in."

The air is blue with tobacco amoke. A bright light streams down upon a green-cloth covered table on which are little scans. The coming in."



FASHIONS FOR 1806. A SOFT ANSWER.



"Susan, just look here! I can write my name in the dust on the top of this table!" Lor', mum, so you can! Now, I never had no edgercation myself!" London



THE LADY CYCLIST DURING THE PANTOMIME SEASON.

# But She Changed Her Mind.

With phases parabolical and gestures quite symbolical she said, "Man's diabolical, and has of sin a lot of said that domesticity and conjugal felicity lead to wan mendicity—she really would have naught of it, talked with great vivacity about the incapacity of man, and his audacity to set himself above her, said with ferce intensity. 'A modern man's propensity runs principally to density, that's why I have no lover!"

libility of man and his ability for getting into trouble.

She voiced in words dramatical and manner quite diductical the theory dogmatical that man is but a hubble.

P. S.-Just about a month afterward she married a bubble worth \$200,000, and if the dry goods stores hold out she'll burst that bubble before spring.

FABLES REVISED.

A revengeful elephant, to whom a tallor proffered a chestaut, confidingly extended his trunk, whereupon his linhuman tornentor deliberately plunged a piece of chalk into his nasal orifice. The elephant made no return of this unkindness at the time, but some years after he returned, bringing with him a pelican friend of his. The treacherous tallor, upon beholding the pelican's bill, instantly fell down and expired of an acute attack of professional jealousy. Moral-Chalk is cheap.

A dog, carrying a bone in his mouth, came to a plank across a navigable river. Perceiving in the water the reflection of the bone, and supposing it to be another, he instantly dropped the one he was carrying and plunged into the stream after the second one. In stantly perceiving his error, he dived to the bottom, recovered his bone and went on his way rejoicing. Moral—Dogs can swim.

MARLE ANTOINETTE.



PREHISTORIC SPECIES OF BIRD KNOWN AS THE "LULU."





She-And, Baron, how are you getting n with Miss Moneybags? He-Ah, vary nice indeed, t'ank you, the smile upon my suit.

SANDWICHES AND WATER.



A DISCRETION.



"When he gave, the vicing of the same and th

## BETWEEN O

ARTISTIC APARTS

Are Not Those Which Are With Grantes.

A decorator who has he on ideas on decorations say in fault in American beaus is a fault in American beaus in the control of the con fault in American mentation, says the "Uptobeautiful in themselves that the eye is bewilders no central point on which so decoration of a room shell center at some spot, and the lines should diverge security to the state of th

PETRIFIED BLOSSES